The Times-Dispatch

Address all communications

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER . 14.

THE TIMES-DISPATCH and Breakfas are served together with unfailing regularity in the Best Homes of Richmond. Is your morning program complete?

\ The Best Team Did Win

F ONE thing more than another stands out of the series of baseball contests for the world's championship that the Boston Braves, their home grounds, brought yesterday to a triumphant conclusion, it is that the best team won. In fielding, in pitching, in batting, in strategy. Stallings's men have demonstrated their superiority over their rivals. The Braves were out for blood-and they

In the first game they took the Athletics' measure and destroyed the confidence that before had been so valuable an asset. It was a crushing blow to pride and prestige when the mighty Bender, like any recruit from the bushes, was batted out of the box. game and its result were the handwriting on the wall. Few competent critics doubted thereafter what the outcome of the series would be.

Refugees

HOW would you like to burn down your own house to make room for cannonballs in the air, and then, looking back over your shoulder at the flames, white-faced, fearful, penniless, too old or too young to earn the starvation rations of a soldier, become a refugee from that land that was your cradle?

How would you like to be the King of the Belgians, fleeing into Holland for your life, perhaps-at least fleeing before a hopelessly superior force, from imprisonment, possibly indignity? And how would you like to be one of the least of his subjects, fugitive with 600,000 others of your little nation, sheltered for a day or two in Holland, but threatened with expulsion because Holland could no longer feed you?

That's the reality of war for the noncombatant, underdrawn-Lord, yes, underdrawn!

The Middleman's Protest

when New York grocers, green and not-so-green, united in earnest protest against the city's establishment of free markets. The city's entirely laudable purpose was the reduction of the high cost of living, but the grocers insist that one incidental consequence has been a serious reduction in their chances

Moreover, they declare that the free-market plan, as now conducted in the metropolis, is a large and ornate fraud, of which that unfortunate individual, the ultimate consumer. is one victim and they themselves are others. They say that short weights and measures are being used; that inferior articles of food are being sold; that cold storage eggs are being substituted for "strictly fresh," and that, generally, the guileless seeker of bar-

condemned thing after another," as some philosopher remarks, and these efforts to get rid of the middleman never have been attended with much success. He made his entry some eons before the dawn of civiliza- resumption by the stockholders of the comtion, and he has been on the job ever since. An expensive luxury, doubtless, and a disagreeable fellow in many aspects, but somehow we don't seem to be able to get along without him.

What Will It Profit?

A N authority on strategy estimates that the Germans or the allies could lose 500,000 men in one terrific action without losing the whole fight. True, he admits, this would be a tremendous loss to either side, but it would not be final, from the strategic standpoint. He then goes on to say that the result will be exhaustion, not victory-that these savages of civilization will fight until they have dropped and can fight no longer.

A beautiful prospect! And what is the ssue? Boiled down to cold facts, the issue is expressed in the dollar sign. It is a gigantic struggle for commercial supremacy, for territorial control, for treasure and aggrandizement. But who will profit of this The widows and orphans of the generation? thousands killed are little interested. If these savages fight to the point of physical and financial exhaustion it will take at least two generations for reconstruction, before the commercial advantage gained begins to he realized by the victors. So that all this bloodshed and huge cost is for the benefit of posterity, and has no fine principle behind it. fashion note. With present styles in hair for we must maintain, who think in straight dressing, they usually hold a few strands that lines, that the sign of the dollar is not a prin- are not their wearer's own-except by right

ciple, but an ignoble ambition. Into this struggle Europe is throwing first her young and vigorous men, then her men a little older, then her boys and patriarchs. The nations will be reduced to women and the masculine remnant, the blood and bone and sinew of the best having been destroyed. Out of this masculine remnant must come dict that Italy soon will join the allies. They posterity, and, permitting imagination to leap may even be right for once. bounds into the possible and beyond the probable, that remnant will not be best fitted to

will it be, with all the best men killed off in their prime?

This is all dream-all conjecture. Possibly it is far too pessimistic, but there is enough of reality in it to make one shudder sus of able-bodied men. The astonishing, the astounding fact is that, with all our colleges, all our training, all our pretense of millions more easily than an individual would waste a silver dollar. And yet we boast of reason and souls!

The Importance of Antwerp's Capture FFORTS of French and British writers to E FFORTS of French and Drivers of minimize or depreciate the importance of the capture of Antwerp by the Germans are alike futile and foolish. Not only was it a great feat of arms-the reduction of this 35 supposedly impregnable fortress after so brief 25 a siege—but it affords according a siege-but it affords reasonable guarantee of the German line of communication through By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service in Belgium and releases for the battle line along the three rivers a considerable force of men

If it is followed, as now appears highly probable, by the capture of Ostend, Germany will be in possession of a great strip of Belgian coast, and an attack from the north by a combined British and Belgian force on the army of General von Kluck, which had been apprehended, will have been rendered virtually impossible.

But, at the same time, it is well not to take too much stock in this rehabilitated phrase that describes Antwerp as "a pistol pointed at England's heart." As The Times-Dispatch said on Monday, there is little danger of Germany attempting to invade England, so long as the British fleet controls the channel and the North Sea. Antwerp cannot be used for such an attack without the invasion of Holland's neutrality, as the River Scheldt, which is Antwerp's outlet to the sea, passes through that country. The Belgian port, furthermore, possesses no superiority for an attack on England over Cuxhaven or Helgoland, already fitted out as German naval bases.

Opinions differ as to where the sympathies of Holland's ruling classes lie, but if the Dutch should prove unwilling, the Kaiser will not risk wantonly a repetition of his experience with Belgium. The Dutch army numbers 300,000 men, and is quite able to offer effective resistance, for a time at least, even to Germany's victorious hosts.

Love Insurance Now on the Market

HERE were mighty few risks and hazards of this life, the world had thought, that some venturesome person or corporation was not willing to insure against mischance. There has been fire insurance, and life insurance, and burglary insurance, and marine insurance, and casualty insurance, and accident insurance; insurance against storms and hurricanes and insurance against disease; but up to a few days ago nobody had offered to insure fleeting and inconstant love.

Now the final chasm has been bridged. The Society for the Promotion of Family Happiness has been organized and applied for articles of incorporation. Its objects are these:

To aid members in the training and discipline of their children and to pare children for the practical duties of

To help married couples lead proper To prevent differences from arising

To prevent differences from arising between married couples.
To improve the mentalities of those about to be married, so that there will be fewer foolish marriages.

Membership in the society is expected to guarantee happiness. Among its subsidiary purposes, according to the veracious New York Herald, is to aid "in granting amnesty WAS only the expected that happened to husbands and heads of families who have run away from the high cost of living and The distinction the Herald makes loving." between "husbands" and "heads of families" implies a delicate tribute, it is likely, to the unending dream of bliss. Whatever prer

An Epoch in a Railway's Life

is charged will not be too high.

THE Southern Railway marked an epoch in I its life history at the meeting of stockholders held here yesterday. Election to the directorate of John K. Branch, of Richmond; President Edwin A. Alderman, of the University of Virginia; Bishop John C. Kilgo, of North Carolina, and Robert Jemison, of gains gets a poorly-plated gold brick instead. Birmingham, evidenced the management's It may be so. "Life is made up of one purpose to make the road true to its name.

It is worthy of note that these changes in the personnel of the board accompany the pany's control, which for some years has been vested in a voting trust. The meeting was open to the public, there was a considerable attendance, and discussion of the report of President Harrison was free and exhaustive. Two of the new directors succeed George F Baker, Jr., of New York, chairman of the board of the First National Bank, and Judge E. H. Gary, chairman of the board of the United States Steel Corporation, who had declined re-election because of the growing public sentiment against interlocking direc-

The whole spirit and atmosphere of the meeting and of President Harrison's report were redolent of the new theory of corporate management, which has its basis in publicity rather than secrecy, in responsibility rather than evasion. It is a matter for Southern pride that this great agency of Southern commerce and trade should keep itself in the van of progress and of modern thought.

Some of the tired Progressives, who have wandered in the political wilderness until their shoes are worn out, announce they are going to rejoin the Republican party and try to reform it. That certainly is like the grass widow's second marriage—the triumph of hope over experience.

"Turbans still hold their own," announces a of purchase.

The State Department's decision that cotton is not contraband came just in time. had begun to look as though the staple would start a war right here at home.

Various journalistic war experts now pre-

It must be admitted that when it comes to repopulate the stricken cities, towns and picking pitchers Stallings, of Boston, knows farm lands. What sort of a next generation what he is about.

SONGS AND SAWS

What Will Teddy Do?

Oh, what will Teddy Roosevelt do?

And what will Teddy say?

Now that Progressives, once true-blue Flee fast across the way—

Forsake the straight and narrow path And join the faithless men of wrath That he's been wont to flay.

Qh, what will Teddy Roosevelt say? And what will Teddy do? He can't forget that awful day He has such cause to rue,
When he, unwillingly, was led on
The skids that ran to Armageddon
And to Salt River, too.

One thing, we know, T. R. will say-And say it with a vim—
And say it with a vim—
That those who take the prinirose way
And leave his warriors grim
Should with old Ananias stand
And lead the Ananias band In its unholy hymn.

Yes, that at least T. R. will say Of those who strive to break away.

The Pessimist Says:

If the Simplified Spelling Board would only devote its energies to some of these Russian and Galician names it would do a whole lot for the cause of peace in this country, at any

For Distinguished Gallantry.

He—Have you heard the name of the man that Miss Oldgirl is going to marry?

She—Not yet, but as soon as I do I am going to recommend him to the Carnegie Commission for a hero medal.

They were wandering down the moonlit pare

They were wandering down the mount paramarm.

"Darling," she whispered, tenderly, "will you miss me when I am far away?"

"Miss you?" he responded, with fervent emphasis. "Why, when you are away I shall miss you so much I never will be able to find consolution, no matter how hard I hunt for it."

Changed About.

How have the mighty fallen!
How do the meek arise!

Athletics in the cellar And the Braves up in the skies! THE TATTLER.

Chats With Virginia Editors

"We do hope Brother "Chats" wasn't responsible for that editorial in The Times-Dispatch recently, urging the study of Spanish in our schools," the incorrigible Lacy remarks in his Hallfax Gazette. What's he got agin the Spansh since the war's over. Quien sabe?

The ever-cheerful Ben Fisher, of the eversunny Eastern Shore Herald, offers this suggesto his fellow countrymen: "Would it not be a fine idea for all our farmers to have a distinctive name for their farms? When asked where you live, instead of saying 'About blank miles from Eastville,' or 'next to the farm of Mr. Dash,' why not have a name for your own place. such as 'Maple Grove,' 'Shady Lawn,' and so on?" Why not also advise us what we shall answer to those automobile fellows whose cars are sometimes towed into town from the roads around the Herald's neighborhood, and who persist in telling us that it happened near that dashed Eastville.

Evolution and revolution in Mexico are thus summed up by the Fauguier Democrat: "Perpetual Motion; Madero chased Diaz out; Huerta planted Madero; Carranza and Villa kicked Huerta to Europe, and now Villa wants to give Carranza the boot." All that remains to be accounted for is the booty that goes with each

Says the Hanover Herald. "Everybody is selled upon for a suggestion what to do with the surplus cotton. Feel it to the goat." An experiment of the decipon in the presentable. Glut the goat with cotton and how could we dispose of the accumulating supply of old tin cans."

The Danville Register is neither kind nor graceful in designating Richmond as "An Afflinity Refuse," under which caption its editor man invalides, philosophizes and surmluss. The false is possible that who runs reasons, however, is so palpable that who runs reasons, however, is the last two cases in which a may had run way with another man's wife and located in the Virginia capital." Proves nothing except that Richmond seems to be a popular place for the policy or the policy of the policy feminist movement. But let that pass. It is "Richmond seems to be a popular place fo enough we are to have some agency that will eloping affinities to select as a refuge. Within make love perpetual and every marriage an the last twelve or eighteen months we recall at

The majority of the board now are Southern Princes Corn, Hay and Cattle, a proper amount of recognition." Get back to democracy! Cotton is not a King. Cotton is "the goods." Kings may be all right in their own realms, but what's doing in Europe shows that between themselves they don't think so. Besides, there is ample reason to harbor a belief that when the cruel war is over the kinging industry, even in Europe, will not continue to flourish with its pristine vigor.

Current Editorial Comment

He who looks abroad with unjaundiced eye will have no trouble in discovering several signs of improvement in the financial and commercial conditions of the control of the Business Now Is Looking Up tion of the country. One of them to be found in the fact that, notwithstanding States. rather a free movement of cotton, which itself must have the effect of liberating money and credit, prices hold pretty well. They are rather higher now than they were three or four days ago, which fact is evidence that the world is coming to understand that the position of the cotton States is not so defenseless as the antics of the politicians naturally suggest. Even a still more hope-giving sign is the gradually ransfer it to the city. of the politicians naturally suggest. Even a still more hope-giving sign is the gradually lowering rate of foreign exchange, as quoted in New York. This means, of course, that by the shipment of goods, largely cotton, we are restoring our credit balances in Europe. The reduction in the rate of exchange is evidence of a growing number of international accounts which show the balance to be on the side of this country. This diminishes the danger of great drafts being made on our gold supply. this country. This diminishes the danger of great drafts being made on our gold supply, and as that menace recedes the financial institutions of this country will be more liberally disposed toward those who need credit.—Dallas

The wars of Napoleon in thirteen years cost France \$1,000.
000,000. Our Civil War expenditure of the Federal government amounted to \$3,400,000,000, or nearly thirteen times as much a leon's. The France Cost. Terrible Cost of World War.

year as Napoleon's. The Franco-German War cost France \$1,580,000,000, besides an added war indemnity of \$1,000,000,000. This same great war, which lasted only 190 days, cost, Germany war, which lasted only 190 days, cost Germany \$450,000,000 for an average fighting force of 1,250,000 men. The other big European war of the past half century, the Russo-Turkish War, cost Russia \$786,140,000, but, she had two years' fighting for her money. The war in the Far East cost Japan \$650,000,000 and Russia \$723,000,000, not counting lost slyps. Only toward the end had either side anything like a million men in the field! Italy's little war

with Turkey cost \$400,000 a day, allowing for a mere \$0,000 fighting men; and the Boer War, in which England's army averaged 200,000, cost \$1,055,000,000 in two and a half years.—Leslie's

"Perfumed Collars" As one who hunts lions may be supposed to acquire an intimate knowledge of the habits of the king of beasts, it is reasonable to assume that Senator Reed, as the pursuer of trusts and trust magnates, is an authority on the appearance of the latter. In a recent debate on the Clayton omnibus trust bill, Mr. Reed attacked that measure in its present shape as without any value. One of his assertions was that "No rude sheriff or Federal marshal can lay his calloused hands on the perfumed collar of a trust magnate." Of course, a United States Senator is an honorable man, and Mr. Reed would not attribute to trust magnates the habit of wearing perfumed collars on mere Senator is an honorable man, and Mr. Reed would not attribute to trust magnates the habit of wearing perfumed collars on mere hearsay. He comes from Missouri, a State whose people must be "shown," and therefore he must have seen these remarkable collars, the use of which is, after their manner, monopolized by trust magnates. Perfumed vollars, however, few of us have ever seen or ever even thought, possible, but in Missouri they may wear atticles of men's attire that are in advance of the fashions of the East.—Boston Transcript.

War News Fifty Years Ago (From the Daily Dispatch, Oct. 14, 1864.)

At an early hour yesterday morning our cavalry pickets were driven in by a heavy body of Federal cavalry, who crossed the Darbytown Road, about seven miles from Richmond, and made a demonstration upon our left flank. In order, it is supposed, to create a mond, and made a demonstration upon our left flank. In order, it is supposed, to create a diversion, and at the same time carry our works, the enemy's infantry moved upoin massed col-umns immediately in our front and charged our umns immediately in our front and charged our Earthworks. Their rapid progress was arrested by the thick abattis, which had been felled to a distance of 150 yards from our intrenchments. Here, while in these entanglements, they were opened upon by a portion of Major-General Field's Division, comprising the lamented Greg's old brigade. The fire was so galling that the engay fell back in disorder. Rallying, they endeavored to press through the obstructions, when they again met the terrible hall front the rifles of the revengeful and sureaumed Texans and others of our brave man. aimed Texans and others of our brave men, and shrinking in terror from the storm, they turned face backward and dragged off their mangled and howling squadrons to their earthen dens. Our loss was very slight as a whole, but another good and brave officer has fallen. Major Jones, of General Field's staff, was shot dead by a single ball.

Major-General Fitz Lee, the gallant officer, is able to appear on the streets again, though he is still weak from his confinement and his wound. We can ill spare him from the field, and his command will gladly welcome him

Wants City to Acquire Park.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir.—While every other section of the city has its public park, the Southside has no free play space, The city should own Forest Hill Park. This property is so held by its provisional owners, the street railway company, that it can be acquired, no doubt, at very small cost—if, indeed, the railway company would not treager it. the railway company would not transfer it gratuitously. The sale contract under which the company acquired it prohibits it from being used for any other than park purposes. The land cannot be cut up and sold as building lots. The railway company can profit by it only as a park that attracts passenger traffic.

Probably no other city in America would have so long overlooked the opportunity thus presented to acquire a tract of 108 acres of the most beautiful and picturesque park property in most beautiful and picturesque park property in the United States. Expert engineers who laid out the park some years ago pronounced Forest Hill, with its magnificent groves of oaks, its beautiful lake, picturesque glades and dells and its twenty springs of pure, clear, sparkling lithia water, the finest natural park in the United States

Forest Hill Park was leased to an amusement

property if the rankay company transfer it to the city.

With the gradual growth of Richmond, this park property must inevitably be taken over by Why not now?

G. R. E. Richmond, October 12, 1914.

FROM THE BEGINNING OF TIME ONE OF THE DAY'S BEST CARTOONS



BATTLEFIELD ACTUALITIES

me how the British officers, finding that she and her old mother were practically starving, sent soldiers with ample supplies of biscuits and bully beef, and offered them money, which they would not accept. Of their own accord the soldiers restored the water connection and laid in a fresh supply of firewood.

Outside the village we fell in with two British officers in a motor correction.

two British officers in a motor car. One of them had a face familiar to me. Then I remembered where I had last seen him. It was at the House of Commons. The officer was Sir Mark Sykes. M. P., who was on the road with We passed on through innumerable

French villages, sad and silent, all showing signs of destruction; here and here an old man musing at his door, or a group of frightened children fleeing at our approach, with now and then a knot of dumb peasants laberiously at our approach, with now and then a knot of dumb peasants laberiously burying dead horses. Towards evening we were cycling up the long slope leading to the village of Signy-Signets, where a roughly constructed cross caught my eye. It surmounted a simple grave dug on the hillside under the shadow of a haystack and quite close to the road. It was the first British grave we had met. There was an indescribable solemnity about the last resting place of this British soldier, whose name and regimental number a friendly hand had rudely scrawled on a little cross of wood.

Dusk was gathering fast when about four miles outside La Ferte-sous-Jouarre the sound of cannon, which

PARIS, October 5.—A photographer river the British engineers were put-who has been on a tour of the French battlefields, making pictures, has writ-ten the following account of what he

wound. We can iil spare him from the field, and his command will gladly welcome him back.

We have information that the enemy are preparing an expedition from the neighborhood of Dutch Gap to make a boarding attack on some of our gunboats. We are all ready.

The venerable Archibald Pleasants, for many years a member of the old and highly respectable firm of Raiston & Pleasants, and one of the oldest inhabitants of the city, eiged-spane of the oldest inhabitants of the city, eiged-spane of the old and highly respectable firm of Raiston & Pleasants, and one of the oldest inhabitants of the city, eiged-spane of the old and highly respectable firm of Raiston & Pleasants, and one of the oldest inhabitants of the city, eiged-spane of the city of the city

cross, made of strips torr ammunition box. This is it:

Highalnders. No. --- I Killed in action, He was a good pal.

From the cross hung his greatcoat, the back all torn by a shell.

We proceeded in the direction of
Chateau Thierry. A few miles outsidé we came across a small British

the city. Why not now?

Richmond, October 12, 1914.

America for Me:

Oh, London is a man's town, there's power in the air;

And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in her hair;

And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in her hair;

And it's sweet to dream in Venice, and it's great to study Rome;

But when it comes to living, there is no place like home.

I know that Europe's wonderful, yet something seems to lack;

The post is too much with her, and the people looking back.

But the glory of the present is to make the future free—free litts and what she is to be.

Oh, it's home again, and home again, America for me;

I want a ship that's westward-hound to plow the rolling sea.

The least is to make the litts to be.

Oh, it's home again, and home again, America for me;

I want a ship that's westward-hound to plow the for me;

I want a ship that's westward-hound to plow the for me;

I want a ship that's westward-hound to plow the for me;

I want a ship that's westward-hound to plow the for the blessed Lan Gromes in the sounds of firing had died of the sounds of firing had died of the sounds of firing had died of Meaux, where peasants were bursy with great funeral pyres. There were for me;

I want a ship that's westward-hound to plow the for the blessed Lan Gromes in the sounds of firing had died of Meaux, where peasants were bursy with great funeral pyres. There were for me;

When the sounds of firing had died of Meaux, where peasants were bursy with great funeral pyres. There were for me;

When the sounds of firing had died of Meaux, where peasants were bursy with great funeral pyres. There were for me;

The colonian particular the sounds of firing had died of Meaux, where peasants were bursy with great funeral pyres. There were formed the peacetal pyres and peacetal pyres and peacetal pyres and peacetal pyres. There were formed the peacetal pyres and peacetal pyres and peacetal pyres. The shells to the rich the form, which are a peacetal process of fame the peacetal pyres. There were formed the peacetal py